
Title: The Life of a Travelling Minstrel

Author: Sarah of Yew

While 'tis true that
the musician who
seeketh only to make
sweet music for
herself and for
others needs little
more than some
talent, and stern
practice at the chosen
instrument, those of
us who seek the open
road shall find indeed
that a greater skill is
required. Herein
discover those secrets
which I have learned
over the years as an
itinerant performer...

Once I was in
Jhelom, and
accidentally angered a
bravo of some local
repute, whose blade
flickered all too
eagerly near my
slender neck (for I
was young then).
After various threats
to "ruin my pretty
face" this bravo
grabbed my arm in a
most unseemly
fashion and tossed
me into a barbaric
enclosure locally
entitled a dueling pit.
My plaintive cries
for help went
unheeded by the
guards, for the
inhabitants of Jhelom
are eager indeed to
measure fighting
prowess at any time!

What saved me was
the ability to
improvise a melody
and tune that

satirized the
proceedings, and
sufficiently angered
an onlooker to prod
him to coming to my
defense. Once that
fight was underway,
I was able to make
good my escape.
Hence, I regard the
ability to incite fights
as indispensable to
the prudent bard.

Upon another
occasion, 'twas the
obverse side of that
coin which saved me,
for I was being held
prisoner by a
particularly nasty
band of ruffians who
had seized me
unawares from the
road to Vesper.

They had worked
themselves into a
frenzy and were
ready to attack and I
fear, tear me limb
from limb, when I
began to sing
frantically, tapping
my falled drum with
my tied up feet. The
melody developed into
a soothing one, and
the brigands slowly
calmed down to the
extent of apologizing,
and they let me go!

A final example I
would pray you grant
your attention: once I
was lost upon a large
isle far to the east of
the mainland, well
beyond Serpent's
Hold, where lava
made its sluggish
way across the
surface landscape.
And this accursed
land was filled with
vile beasts and
cunning dragons.

I was being pursued
by one of said fell
dragons when I found

myself trapped. I
quickly skirted a
bubbling pool of molten
rock and attempted to
hide.

The dragon scented
me and was
preparing to skirt the
pool, when I began to
play a lusty tune
upon my lute that
attracted its attention.
Mesmerized and
enticed by the
melody, it stepped
directly toward me,
and into the
lava-where its foot
was so burned that it
quickly hopped away,
undignified and
annoyed.

'Tis my fond hope
that other travelling
minstrels shall learn
from my experiences
and apply themselves
to practicing these
skills in order to
preserve life and
limb.